# MODERN VERSE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

CHOSEN BY

MICHAL WILLIAMS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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# NOTE

THIS book is meant for children about five to eight years old. Most of the poems have been appreciated and even learnt by such babes in grace. The aim has been to include nothing that is not of the nature of poetry, since there seems no reason why a child should not begin with the best if the best will let him. Verse written in so-called childish language has been omitted as an insult both to the child and to poetry. There may here and there be a phrase that will have to be explained, or a poem which the child may like to hear read but not be inclined to possess. In one poem the punctuation will appear unusual ; it has been carefully copied from the original.

Thanks for permission to include copyright poems are due to Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Norman Ault (for his poem from *Dreamland Shores*), Mrs. Chesterton, Mrs. Cornford and the Poetry Bookshop, Mr. W. H. Davies (and Mr. Jonathan Cape for 'Rain'), Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Noel Douglas (for Mr. Émile Jacot's poems), Messrs. Duckworth for Mr. Belloc's poem, Miss Rose Fyleman for 'Aunts', and Miss Fyleman and the Proprietors of *Punch* for 'The Fairy Tailor', and 'The Fairy went a-marketing', Mr. Robert Graves and

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# The Rivals

I HEARD a bird at dawn
Singing sweetly on a tree,
That the dew was on the lawn,
And the wind was on the lea;
But I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me!

I didn't listen to him,
For he didn't sing to me
That the dew was on the lawn,
And the wind was on the lea!
I was singing at the time,
Just as prettily as he!

I was singing all the time,
Just as prettily as he,
About the dew upon the lawn,
And the wind upon the lea!
So I didn't listen to him,
As he sang upon a tree!

JAMES STEPHENS

# Green Boughs

BIRDS were singing everywhere
In the sunny spaces,
Blackbird, thrush, and linnet were
Flashing through the flashing air
Full of airs and graces.

Up and down and round about,
Soaring, gliding, swinging,
Darting in and scudding out,
While through all the pretty rout
Came their frantic singing.

And upon the sunny view
Happy trees were holding
Pretty baby leaves anew,
Freshly bathèd in the dew,
For the sun's beholding.

Loud he shouted through the plain
(Golden-voiced and glad he),
Dance them up with might and main,
Toss the baby leaves again
Till they see their daddy.

JAMES STEPHENS

# Gáy Róbin is seen no more

GÁY RÓBIN is seen no more:
He is gone with the snow,
For winter is o'er
And Robin will go.
In need he was fed, and now he is fled
Away to his secret nest.
No more will he stand
Begging for crumbs,
No longer he comes
Beseeching our hand
And showing his breast
At window and door:—
Gáy Róbin is seen no more.

Blithe Robin is heard no more:
He gave us his song
When summer was o'er
And winter was long:

He sang for his bread, and now he is fled
Away to his secret nest.
And there in the green
Early and late
Alone to his mate
He pipeth unseen
And swelleth his breast;
For us it is o'er:—
Blithe Robin is heard no more.

ROBERT BRIDGES

# Allie

*ALLIE, call the birds in,*
*The birds from the sky.*
Allie calls, Allie sings,
Down they all fly.
First there came
Two white doves,
Then a sparrow from his nest,
Then a clucking bantam hen,
Then a robin red-breast.

*Allie, call the beasts in,*
*The beasts, every one.*
Allie calls, Allie sings,
In they all run.
First there came
Two black lambs,
Then a grunting Berkshire sow,
Then a dog without a tail,
Then a red and white cow.

*Allie, call the fish up,*
*The fish from the stream.*
Allie calls, Allie sings,
Up they all swim.
First there came
Two gold fish,
A minnow and a miller's thumb,
Then a pair of loving trout,
Then the twisted eels come.

*Allie, call the children,*
*Children from the green.*
Allie calls, Allie sings,
Soon they run in.
First there came
Tom and Madge,
Kate and I, who'll not forget
How we played by the water's edge
Till the April sun set.

ROBERT GRAVES

# The Pig's Tail

A FURRY coat has the bear to wear
The tortoise a coat of mail,
The yak has more than his share of hai
But—the pig has the curly tail.

The elephant's tusks are sold for gold,
The slug leaves a silver trail,
The parrot is never too old to scold,
But—the pig has the curly tail.

The lion can either roar or snore,
The cow gives milk in a pail,
The dog can guard a door, and more,
But—the pig has the curly tail.

The monkey makes you smile a while
The tiger makes you quail,
The fox has many a wile of guile,
But—the pig has the curly tail.

For the rest of the beasts that prey or
play,
From tiny mouse to the whale,
There 's much that I could say to-day,
But—the pig has the curly tail.

NORMAN AULT

# The Blackbird

IN the far corner
,close by the swings,
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill 's so yellow,
his coat 's so black,
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann, my daughter,
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

HUMBERT WOLFE

# The Lilac

WHO thought of the lilac ?
'I,' dew said,
'I made up the lilac
out of my head.'

'She make up the lilac !
Pooh ! ' thrilled a linnet,
and each dew-note had a
lilac in it.

HUMBERT WOLFE

# The Dandelion

THE dandelion is brave and gay,
And loves to grow beside the way,
A braver thing was never seen,
To praise the grass for growing green.
You never saw a gayer thing,
To sit and smile and praise the spring.

The children with their simple hearts,
The lazy men that come in carts,
The little dogs that lollop by,
They all have seen its shining eye,
And every one of them would say,
They never saw a thing so gay.

FRANCES CORNFORD

# Spring goeth all in white

SPRING goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may:
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray:

White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground:
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around.

ROBERT BRIDGES

# The Rain

I HEAR leaves drinking Rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
After this Rain shall stop,
A wondrous Light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright:
'Twill be a lovely sight.

W. H. Davies

# Merry Wind

THE sun makes dust on the highways:
The wind pokes fun at the geese;
With feathers blown all sideways
In walking they find no ease.

Let them spread wings, in it rushes,
As though to bulge out a sail;
Away they're blown on the bushes
To wreck like yawls in a gale.

T. Sturge Moore

# The Wind

WHY does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me ?
He 's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window sill,
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.

Upon my door he comes to knock.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key—
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though ' Come in, come in ! ' I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He 's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me ?

ELIZABETH RENDALL

# Who 's that A-Knocking

WHO 'S that a-knocking,
A-knocking at the door ?
One knock !—two knocks !—
Three knocks !—four !

He 's come to the window,
He 's taking a peep
To find out whether
Dawn 's asleep.

ÉMILE JACOT

# Some One

SOME one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure—sure—sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# Mima

JEMIMA is my name,
But oh, I have another:
My father always calls me Meg,
And so do Bob and mother;
Only my sister, jealous of
The strands of my bright hair,
'Jemima—Mima—Mima!'
Calls, mocking, up the stair.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# Aunts

I HAVE an Aunt who takes me out for walks,
I have an Aunt who lends me books to read,
And one who sings to me when I go there to tea;
I like them very, very much indeed.

I have an Aunt who lives outside the town;
She has a garden with a high red wall,
And strawberries and bees, and plum and cherry-trees,
And she's the one that I love best of all.

ROSE FYLEMAN

# The Cupboard

I KNOW a little cupboard,
With a teeny tiny key,
And there 's a jar of Lollypops
For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there 's a dish of Banbury Cakes
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she 's Keeper of the Cupboard,
With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There 's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops
For me, me, me.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# Bread and Cherries

'CHERRIES, ripe cherries!'
The old woman cried,
In her snowy white apron,
And basket beside;
And the little boys came,
Eyes shining, cheeks red,
To buy bags of cherries
To eat with their bread.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# Cherry-Time

CHERRIES of the night are riper
Than the cherries pluckt at noon,
Gather to your fairy piper
When he pipes his magic tune:
Merry, merry,
Take a cherry;
Mine are sounder,
Mine are rounder,
Mine are sweeter
For the eater
Under the moon.
And you'll be fairies soon.

In the cherry pluckt at night,
With the dew of summer swelling,
There 's a juice of pure delight,
Cool, dark, sweet, divinely smelling.
Merry, merry,
Take a cherry;

Mine are sounder,
Mine are rounder,
Mine are sweeter
For the eater
In the moonlight.
And you'll be fairies quite.

When I sound the fairy call,
Gather here in silent meeting,
Chin to knee on the orchard wall,
Cooled with dew and cherries eating.
Merry, merry,
Take a cherry;
Mine are sounder,
Mine are rounder,
Mine are sweeter
For the eater
When the dews fall.
And you'll be fairies all.

ROBERT GRAVES

# I'd love to be a Fairy's Child

CHILDREN born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire:
Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.
Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
Built of brick or granite stone;
They live on cherries, they run wild—
I'd love to be a fairy's child.

ROBERT GRAVES

# A Fairy went A-Marketing

A FAIRY went a-marketing—
She bought a little fish ;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a coloured bird ;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

ROSE FYLEMAN

# The Fairy Tailor

SITTING on the flower-bed beneath the hollyhocks,
I spied the tiny tailor who makes the fairies' frocks;
There he sat a-stitching all the afternoon
And sang a little ditty to a quaint wee tune:

'Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance on the green—
But where shall I find me a robe for the Queen?'

All about the garden his little men he sent,
Up and down and in and out unceasingly they went.
Here they stole a blossom, there they pulled a leaf,
And bound them up with gossamer into a glowing sheaf.

Petals of the pansy for little velvet shoon,
Silk of the poppy for a dance beneath the moon,
Lawn of the jessamine, damask of the rose,
To make their pretty kirtles and airy furbelows.

Never roving pirates back from Southern seas
Brought a store of treasures home more beautiful than these.

They heaped them all about him in a sweet gay pile,
But still he kept a-stitching and a-singing all the while:

'Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance on the green,
But who shall make a royal gown to deck the Fairy Queen?'

ROSE FYLEMAN

# Crab-Apple

I DREAMED the Fairies wanted me
To spend my birth-night with them all;
And I said, 'Oh, but you're so wee
And I am so tremendous tall,
What could we do?'
'Crab-apple stem!'
Said they, and I was just like them.

And then, when we were all the same,
The party and the fun began;
They said they'd teach me a new game
Of 'Dew-ponds'. 'I don't think I can
Play that,' I said.
'Crab-apple blue!'
Said they, and I could play it too.

And then, when we had played and played,
The Fairies said that we would dance;
And I said, 'Oh, but I'm afraid
That I've no shoes.' I gave a glance
At my bare toes.
'Crab-apple sweet!'
Said they, and shoes were on my feet.

And then we danced away, away,
Until my birth-night all was done;
And I said, 'I'll go home to-day;
And thank you for my lovely fun,
I'll come again.'
'Crab-apple red!'
Said they, and I woke up in bed.

ETHEL TALBOT

# Chillingham

THROUGH the sunny garden
The humming bees are still;
The fir climbs the heather,
The heather climbs the hill.

The low clouds have riven
The little rift through.
The hill climbs to heaven,
Far away and blue.

MARY COLERIDGE

# Jack Tar

JACK TAR, Sailor Man,
Can you tell me
How much water
Is in the sea ?

Yes Miss, Yes Miss,
Certainly !
There 's just as much
As there ought to be.

ÉMILE JACOT

# Tillie

OLD Tillie Turveycombe
Sat to sew,
Just where a patch of fern did grow:
There, as she yawned,
And yawn wide did she,
Floated some seed
Down her gull-e-t;
And look you once,
And look you twice.
Poor old Tillie
Was gone in a trice;
But oh, when the wind
Do a-moaning come,
'Tis poor old Tillie
Sick for home;
And oh, when a voice
In the mist do sigh,
Old Tillie Turveycombe's
Floating by.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# The King of China's Daughter

THE King of China's daughter,
She never would love me,
Though I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.
For oranges and lemons,
The stars in bright blue air,
(I stole them long ago, my dear)
Were dangling there.
The Moon did give me silver pence,
The Sun did give me gold,
And both together softly blew
And made my porridge cold;
But the King of China's daughter
Pretended not to see
When I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.

EDITH SITWELL

# A Penny Fare to Babylon

'A PENNY fare to Babylon,
A penny for each thought!'
'Oh, ma'am, no, ma'am,
Can't be bought!
The Sun gives pots of money,
The Moon, her bread and honey,
When humming like a clover-field
I go up to town.
Whitened by the Moon's flour,
All the birds I own,
Lest they be baked into a pie,
Are flown, dear, flown.
Though you whistle in the corridors
That dance into my brain—
Oh, ma'am, no, ma'am,
They will not come again.'

EDITH SITWELL

# From a Walking Song

HERE we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
Down the world, round the world, back to London town,
To see the waters and the whales, the emus and the mandarins,
To see the Chinese mandarins, each in a silken gown.

Here we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
Through the vast Atlantic waves, back to London town,
To see the ships made whole again that sank below the tempest,
The Trojan and Phoenician ships that long ago went down.
And there are sailors keeping watch on many a Roman galley,

And silver bars and golden bars and
mighty treasure hid,
And splendid Spanish gentlemen majesti-
cally walking
And waiting on their Admiral as once
in far Madrid.

Here we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
Down and under to New York, back
to London town,
To see the face of Liberty that smiles
upon all children,
But when too soon they come of age
she answers with a frown.

Here we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
O'er the wide Tibetan plains, back to
London town,
To see the youthful Emperor among his
seventy princes,
Who bears the mystic sceptre, who
wears the mystic crown.

Here we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
Through the jungles African, back to London town,
To see the shining rivers and the drinking place by moonlight,
And the lions and hyenas and the zebras coming down:

To see bright birds and butterflies, the monstrous hippopotami,
The silent secret crocodiles that keep their ancient guile,
The white road of the caravans that stretches o'er Sahara,
And the Pharaoh in his litter at the fording of the Nile.

Here we go a-walking, so softly, so softly,
Up the hills of Hampstead, back to London town,
And the garden gate stands open and the house door swings before us,

And the candles twinkle happily as
we lie down.

For here the noble lady is who meets
us from our wanderings,
Here are all the sensible and very
needful things,
Here are blankets, here is milk, here are
rest and slumber,
And the courteous prince of angels
with the fire about his wings.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

# Time, You Old Gipsy Man

TIME, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest:
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may;
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,

Morning, and in the crush
  Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
  You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
  And off once again;
Off to some city
  Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
  Ere that 's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan,
  Just for one day?

RALPH HODGSON

# Jim Jay

DO diddle di do,
Poor Jim Jay
Got stuck fast
In Yesterday.
Squinting he was,
On cross-legs bent,
Never heeding
The wind was spent.
Round veered the weathercock,
The sun drew in—
And stuck was Jim
Like a rusty pin. . . .
We pulled and we pulled
From seven till twelve,
Jim, too frightened
To help himself.
But all in vain.
The clock struck one,

And there was Jim
A little bit gone.
At half-past five
You scarce could see
A glimpse of his flapping
Handkerchee.
And when came noon,
And we climbed sky-high,
Jim was a speck
Slip-slipping by.
Come to-morrow,
The neighbours say,
He'll be past crying for;
Poor Jim Jay.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# Light the Lamps up, Lamplighter

*For A Lamplighter, A Grandmother, The Angel Gabriel, and Any Number of Others.*

Light the lamps up, Lamplighter,
The people are in the street—
Without a light
They have no sight,
And where will they plant their feet?
Some will tread in the gutter,
And some in the mud—oh dear!
Light the lamps up, Lamplighter,
Because the night is here.

Light the candles, Grandmother,
The children are going to bed—
Without a wick
They'll stumble and stick,
And where will they lay their head?

Some will lie on the staircase,
And some in the hearth—oh dear!
Light the candles, Grandmother,
Because the night is here.

Light the stars up, Gabriel,
The cherubs are out to fly—
If heaven is blind
How will they find
Their way across the sky?
Some will splash in the Milky Way,
Or bump on the moon—oh dear!
Light the stars up, Gabriel,
Because the night is here.

ELEANOR FARJEON

# Lullaby

LAUGH, laugh,
Laugh gently though,—
For leaves do so,
When the great boughs, to and fro,
Cradle the birds on the tops of the trees,—
Gently they laugh for the love of these.

Sleep, sleep,
Sleep lightly, though,—
For birds do so,
Rocked by great boughs to and fro;
With wind in their feathers, their dreams
have wings
And they visit the gardens of fabulous
kings.

T. Sturge Moore

# The Early Morning

THE moon on the one hand, the dawn
on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my
brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on
my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister,
good night.

HILAIRE BELLOC

# Kings came Riding

KINGS came riding,
One, two, and three,
Over the desert
And over the sea.

One in a ship
With a silver mast;
The fishermen wondered
As he went past.

One on a horse
With a saddle of gold;
The children came running
To behold.

One came walking,
Over the sand,
With a casket of treasure
Held in his hand.

All the people
  Said 'Where go they?'
But the kings went forward
  All through the day.

Night came on
  As those kings went by;
They shone like the gleaming
  Stars in the sky.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

# Nativity Song

HOW far is it to Bethlehem ?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star ?

Can we see the little Child,
Is He within ?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in ?

May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, or sheep ?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep ?

If we touch His tiny hand
Will He awake ?
Will He know we've come so far
Just for His sake ?

Great Kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught,
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

For all weary children
Mary must weep.
Here, on His bed of straw,
Sleep, children, sleep.

God in His mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,
Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

FRANCES CHESTERTON

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